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MR. CLIFTON BINGHAM.

THE subject of our portrait this month is a native of the ancient city of Bristol, where his father possessed a library which included some 150,000 volumes. Mr. Bingham, senior, died when his son was only ten years old, and before he became "of age" Mr. Clifton Bingham had been bereaved of both his parents. He commenced literary work when very young, and although he is most widely known as the author of lyrical pieces to which many of the most popular songs of the period have been composed, he commenced by writing short stories and serials for newspapers and magazines. Of these he has published some 60 or 70, and it is satisfactory to note that he seems to have at once found favour in his native place, his early and continued contributions to the columns of fiction in the *Bristol Observer* proving that Mr. Bingham was by no means without honour in his own country. The first of his poems to attract particular attention was written in 1881, and entitled "Sweet and Twenty." This was speedily bought by Mr. Roedel, but it was afterwards re-purchased by the author who, in a re-setting, became for the nonce both poet and musician. The title "Sweet and Twenty" seems to us most charming and happy, and if—as some contend—"the title is everything," Mr. Clifton Bingham had, even in those early days, learned much of the secret of success. Since then he has written about 1,500 songs, over 900 of which have been set to music and published. Mr. Frederic Cowen has written more songs to Mr. Clifton Bingham's material than any other composer. Messrs. Molloy and Tosti are among other prominent song-writers who have gratefully availed themselves of his verses. The lyric entitled "The Promise of Life" (composed by Mr. Cowen) is known to almost everybody. We understand that this was written "straight off without correction." Mr. Clifton Bingham now resides in Hove, Brighton, where he may be seen almost any day mingling with the crowd. As he recently observed to an "Interviewer," "You cannot depict the feelings and passions of people unless you mix with them." He is stated to have written a lyric on the top of an omnibus in the Western Road. With over 900 published songs to his credit he still feels that the "pace will be sustained;" and if "mixing with people" can further stimulate his already prolific Muse in the portrayal of their feelings and passions, we should say that in Brighton and its environs he has a grand field before him.

CURRENT NOTES.

HERR LEO FELD, conductor of the Royal Opera, and of the Carl Rosa Company, died towards the close of July at Berlin in the 36th year of his age. He had only shortly before recovered from a very serious operation which he underwent in England, and his premature death is a serious loss to the musical world. After having been for 10 years a prominent conductor in Hamburg he was engaged for this country by the late Sir Augustus Harris in 1892, since when he won golden opinions by his musicianly ability and his courteous manners. A thorough artist, he was never a pedant; and while holding, as every musician should, strong views, he never suffered them to impair the geniality of his conversation. Like too many others he has been cut off in his prime, and his place it will not be easy to supply.

THE very moderate figure of £400 was awarded to Sir Alexander Mackenzie on July 30th when he, as in duty bound, brought *The Saturday Review* to book for having used language concerning him which *The Saturday Review* itself described in print as being "misleading" and "unjustifiable." The article complained of appeared on January 4th, 1896, over the initials "J. F. R.," and Mr. Harris, the Editor of the *S. R.*, admitted in the witness-box that he regarded the "gentleman whom he employed" (Mr. J. F. Runciman) as guilty of publishing "an absolutely unfounded statement." Instead, however, of frankly apologizing at the earliest opportunity for having published an article which—Mr. Harris said—was passed unrevised, a lame kind of excuse was appended at the end of some remarks on "Popular Concerts" (signed by "J. F. R.") which was evidently intended to whitewash the whole affair. But there the *S. R.* reckoned without its host, and what we may be excused for terming its *mala fides*, met with its own reward.

PERSONALLY, we are delighted to find editors and proprietors who are men enough to stand up for their contributors. But when, on being asked by Mr. Lawson Walton, Q.C.: "Do you not consider it a very gross and malignant attack on the personal honour and character of Sir Alexander Mackenzie?" the Editor of *The Saturday Review* could only reply: "I am afraid, yes"; his attitude was to the last degree, deplorable. He should have said "No!" if he wished to back up Runciman; if he did not wish to back up Runciman he

ought never to have employed him again. But he did, and does.

£400 is cheap as a *solatium* for the annoyance which Mr. Runciman has caused to Sir Alexander Mackenzie. £400 is cheap as the fine imposed upon him by a Court of Justice for the weekly recurring disgust which his lucubrations engender among musical readers of *The Saturday Review*. £400 is cheap as a reminder to the man Runciman that it is safer for him to describe the prophet in *Elijah* as an "old clo' man," and such dead people as the composer of that oratorio as a "shallow Jew," than to run foul of those who are not only alive, but kicking.

WE regret that we did not last month allude in suitable terms to the banquet given on July 16th at the Hotel Cecil to Mr. W. H. Cummings, the new Principal of the Guildhall School of Music. The cream of the musical profession was present, and Sir Alexander Mackenzie, who presided, gave, in proposing the "toast of the evening," one of the most graceful after-dinner speeches which it has ever been our lot to hear. Sir A. Mackenzie showed in his peroration that he is indeed qualified as a man of the world—apart from his musical attainments—to fill his high office. Nothing more happy than his concluding sentence can be conceived under all the circumstances:

We who occupy similar responsible positions hail his principalship with great pleasure, since we know him as a man of spotless integrity, of calm dispassionate judgment, a trusty and genial friend whose word is his bond, whose heart is just old enough to sympathise with the old, and, happily, young enough to go out towards the young.

The Musical Times for August has an interesting article headed, "Music and Culture," in which the writer seeks to refute the *dictum* (in *Blackwood's Magazine* for last month), "The lives of the great composers do show, unwelcome as the truth may be, that music of a very high order has been produced by men who were indisputably dunces, if not simpletons. Hence the degraded alliances which noble music has contracted with mean and foolish words." While we should hesitate to regard any great composer as either a dunce or a simpleton, we cannot but remember that Weber and Schubert wrote *Euryanthe* and *Rosamunde*, respectively, to "books" by Wilhelmine Christine von Chezy, a lady whose very inferior work could not be redeemed by either of her composers. Even Sir Arthur Sullivan has dignified in "The Lost Chord" words which, while they exhibit the *minimum* of rhyme, have even less reason, being, indeed, a farrago of nonsense. To instance only a few of the absurdities with which Miss Adelaide Proctor's song bristles, we may observe that: (1) the epithet "noisy" as applied to the *keys* of an organ (in the first stanza) is inexcusable, (2) the

declaration that *one chord* sounded like the *two syllables* of which the word "Amen" is composed is silly, and (3) the notion of "Death's bright angel" speaking in a *chord*—unless the angel had two mouths, like Janus, or three, like Cerberus—is preposterous.

THE *Blackwood* man was quite right in calling attention to the inferior class of *libretti* which good musicians have too often embellished with their genius; even Charles Gounod himself has set some very parlous words, especially in English. *Apropos*—as Mr. Edmund Yates would have said—the above-mentioned Madame von Chezy was born in 1783, and *née* von Klencke. She married when only 16, divorced her husband a year later, married again in 1805, and separated from her second husband in 1810. Under all the circumstances, and with especial regard to her literary achievements, she would seem to have been an advance copy of the New Woman.

IT appears that the concert season in America has suffered from the bicycling craze, and we fancy that the infatuation of ladies for the wheel may have sensibly reduced the audiences at London concerts, especially in the afternoons. Well, time brings in its revenges. Women who love music for itself—if there are any, will still patronise concerts; those who do not are always liable to be diverted by the fashion of the hour. Quite recently it was the fashionable thing for them to see pigeons killed or maimed at Hurlingham or elsewhere. At present they run a small chance of killing or maiming themselves. An expert has discovered that "the bicycle hand is a thing of ugliness and a horror for ever. It becomes flattened, bulges out at the sides" (owing to the female cyclist's death-like grip of her handles), and this is supposed to militate against piano-playing. We are delighted to hear it. The vast majority of middle-class women have no more vocation for the piano than for the mangle, and the instrument in most houses is employed mainly as a side-board.

AT the Royal Academy of Music, the "Henry Smart" Scholarship—amounting to about 16½ guineas *per annum*, to be applied to the successful candidate's instruction for three years—will be competed for on September 23rd. The subjects of examination (for male competitors *only* on this occasion, who must be British-born, and under twenty) will be organ-playing and composition. The "Goring Thomas" Scholarship, for the best operatic or dramatic musical work for the stage, will be competed for on Friday, September 25th, and is open to British-born subjects of both sexes over the age of 18. Entries should be made before September 9th. The "John Thomas" Scholarship will be competed for on September 28th, by vocalists of both sexes under 18, and

either they or their parents must have been born in Wales. The successful candidate is entitled to three years' free education at the Academy.

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THAT sterling musician, Mr. Henry R. Bird, pays a high tribute to the efficiency of the Streatham Conservatoire of Music in his "Scholarship Report." The Free Scholarship for pianoforte (seniors) was won by Miss Mabel Emley (pupil of Mrs. Ellen Dickinson, A.R.A.M.), by her fine rendering of Beethoven's sonata in D minor (Op. 31) and Weber's *Moto Continuo*. Miss Ethel Pudney and Miss Gertrude Smith were highly commended. The latter, also a pupil of Mrs. Dickinson, was the successful competitor in the "Half-fee" Piano Scholarship, and Miss Mary Hall (pupil of Mr. Sidney Hann) carried off the Free Scholarship for piano (juniors under sixteen). The "Half-fee" Piano Scholarship (juniors) was won by Miss Ivy Vaughan. The Violin Scholarship was divided between Master Hubert Hall and Master Reeves (both pupils of Mr. W. H. Hann), and for singing, the Free Scholarship and the "Half-fee" Scholarship were awarded to Miss Constance Porter (pupil of Mr. E. Turner Lloyd), and Miss Minshull (pupil of Miss Lilian Burden), respectively. Mr. Henry Bird, in concluding his report, congratulates the Directors on the excellent material that they have in the students of the Conservatoire, and on the evidence they manifest of admirable teaching. A warm interest was taken in the examination by Mr. Edward Lloyd, who was present throughout.

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THE *Musical News* says that a handsome headstone of grey marble, about 6 feet high, the top being fashioned in the form of a lyre, was recently placed at the head of Mr. Edward Solomon's grave in the Jewish Cemetery, Willesden. The monument bears this inscription: "In affectionate remembrance of Edward Solomon, who passed away Jan. 22, 1895—5655, aged 39 years." Then follows this quatrain, which seems well-intentioned rather than conspicuously poetical:—

Death stilled the lyre with such genius blest;
Alas we hear thy harmony no more;
But thou art music making on the shore
That knows no discords in its perfect rest.

The Jews, of the Old Testament at least, did not believe in a future life, and we fancy the verses must have been contributed by a non-Jewish hand, especially as the epitaph is rounded off with an inscription in Hebrew which signifies: "May he rest in peace"—which he could hardly do were he "music making."

* * *

THE funeral of the late Mr. James Turpin, Mus. Bac., took place at St. Leonard's Church,

Hove, Brighton, on August 4th. One of the principal wreaths was sent by the Royal College of Organists (of which the deceased was a Fellow) as a token of "sincere and abiding respect."

* * *

MR. TOM HEIGH, F.R.C.O., has been appointed, after competition, organist and choirmaster of the Church of St. Mary-le-Bottoms, South Kensington, on the recommendations of Sir Walter Parratt, Dr. Hubert Parry, and Dr. J. F. Bridge. Mr. E. Victor Williams, A.R.C.O., has been appointed organist and choirmaster of St. John's Church, Ealing Dean. Mr. Williams was a pupil of Sir Walter Parratt at the Royal College of Music, and obtained a "Council Exhibition" for organ-playing in 1895. M. Gabriel Fauré has been appointed organist of the Madeleine, Paris.

* * *

IN common, no doubt, with a very large number of persons having any connection with music, we received an "advance copy" of the prospectus put forth on behalf of "Thomas Edward Brinsmead and Sons, Limited." By the terms of this document the musical profession was expressly invited to subscribe for shares, and it was ingeniously suggested, if not absolutely stated, that those to whom the early prospectuses were sent would receive preferential treatment as regards allotment. Though the present writer was a personal acquaintance of Mr. John Brinsmead, it never occurred to him that the Company could have to do with any other than his firm, and it was by the merest fluke that the Editor of THE LUTE was not allotted fifty shares at least.

* * *

THAT alone would have been nothing extraordinary. But the point is this: If we who lived in London and knew Mr. John Brinsmead, were so far deceived, does it not seem only too likely that many musical folk in the country—people to whom the name "Brinsmead" was a household word, but too remote from town to make timely enquiries—should have been drawn into a scheme which does not at present appear to present a rosy out-look?

* * *

WITH the law of libel before our eyes, we do not for an instant maintain that shares in "Thomas Edward Brinsmead & Sons, Limited," may not prove to be a paying investment. We simply remark that Mr. Justice North in giving judgment on a motion for injunction by John Brinsmead & Sons against the new Company, said that the evidence had assured him (Mr. Justice North) that the promoters of the defendant Company (Thomas Edward Brinsmead & Sons, Limited), had committed a fraud from beginning to end.

"In his opinion (Mr. Justice North's) they (the defendant Company) had been stealing as much of the plaintiff's business as they could, and the Company had been built up with the fraudulent design of getting in the name of Brinsmead." Unquestionably, numerous hard-working labourers in the musical vineyard have been hoodwinked, and whether or no they receive their money back, and whether or no the "Company, Limited" prove an eventual success, these individuals will have been caused an amount of anxiety and inconvenience to which they never had any intention of subjecting themselves.

* * *

MUSICIANS, as a class, are not wealthy, and in business matters they are apt to be exceptionally innocent, and gullible. If, then, a fraud was committed—and Mr. Justice North said that the evidence assured him that it had been committed—it was a particularly cruel one.

* * *

MONS. ACHILLE RIVARDE has just returned from America, where he toured with great success, playing at ninety concerts. He also bought, in the United States, a new Stradivarius, of which he speaks in enthusiastic terms. He will remain in Europe throughout next season.

* * *

DURING the forthcoming season of Promenade Concerts under the direction of Mr. Newman, most, if not all, of the following artists are expected to appear: Mesdames Fanny Moody, Duma, Clara Samuëll, Evangeline Florence, Maggie Davies, Belle Cole, Ada Crossley, McDougall; Messrs. Lloyd, Ben Davies, Chandos, Jack Robertson, Herbert Grover, P. Brozel, Hirwen Jones, Charles Santley, Watkin Mills, Ffrangcon Davies, William Ludwig, Andrew Black, Charles Manners, W. A. Peterkin. The great success achieved by the last-named vocalist in the season of 1895 will be in the recollection of our readers. Mr. Henry J. Wood is the conductor, and Mr. Arthur W. Payne the leader.

* * *

M. COLONNE, the famous Parisian conductor, will visit London in October with his orchestra. The programmes of the Concerts which he proposes to give will be mainly composed of French works. To this scheme no objection can possibly be taken. It will be only too delightful to hear examples of the French school, properly interpreted as they are certain to be under M. Colonne's *bâton*; and the musical Englishman, who is apt to keep his eye fixed on Germany, may profitably receive new ideas from the compatriots of Gounod, Bizet, Massenet, and Délibes.

* * *

LI HUNG CHANG has put up with a good deal since he touched these shores, but surely it was not kind of Lord Rosebery, or whoever

"bossed the show" at Dalmeny, to inflict upon the sensitive oriental ear the music (!) of the bag-pipes. Though he generally appreciated all novelties to which he was introduced, it was observed that our distinguished visitor preserved an ominous silence after being confronted with the bag-pipes. He may well have found a difficulty in conceiving how the inhabitants of the same small island which produced locomotives, iron-clad vessels, telegraphs, "X" rays, and a Poet Laureate, could endure the din engendered by the Hieland weapons. We are not surprised that he was puzzled by strains before which any mere Chinese cacophony would pale. But your Scotsman has no idea of the disastrous effect of his pipes. He considers them to be a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. You may tell him that they give you the most acute annoyance, and he will only laugh in a superior kind of way. At the same time he will candidly admit that he knows nothing about music. Quite so.

* * *

MRS. ORMISTON CHANT, a lady who it may be remembered made herself ridiculous when she endeavoured, some time ago, to oppose the license of some music hall, did good service the other day in causing an organ-grinder to be fined for refusing to "move on" when requested. It appears that Mrs. Chant's husband was trying to sleep, if he was not actually asleep, and Mrs. Chant came fluttering down in order to prevent disturbance of her lord. What a difference there is in women—married women, we mean! Some will rush into the road and engage in a street row rather than allow their husbands' slumber to be broken. Others will—well, others will not.

* * *

ON September 23rd, Mr. Newman will celebrate at his Promenade Concerts the 60th anniversary of Her Majesty's accession to the throne by a performance of Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*. We entirely agree with a musical contemporary who suggests that on that occasion Sir A. C. Mackenzie's "Britannia" overture might, with the utmost propriety, form part of the programme.

* * *

MADAME MELBA has been engaged to sing Brünnhilde's part in *Siegfried* at the Covent Garden Opera next season. She will sing in German, and will also supply the voice of the bird which is supposed to hover over Siegfried's head and direct that hero to the fire-girt enclosure where his bride awaits his coming to awaken her from the magical sleep into which she has been thrown by Wotan. (Is this the Teutonic origin of the fairy tale *La Belle au Bois Dormant*?) The brothers Jean and Edouard de Reszke will be the Siegfried and Wotan respectively, and we have thus the nucleus of an exceptionally strong cast. Mme. Melba

will essay the rôle of Brünnhilde for the first time in New York, where the operatic season opens on November 13th.

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THE cost of the musical and dramatic *soirée* given by the German Embassy at Moscow during the recent festivities in connection with the coronation of the Tsar has been estimated at 100,000 marks, or £5,000. It is said that each soloist was paid £70, in addition to travelling expenses. So trifling an inducement would not, of course, tempt a Patti, but the artists whose services were sought made no difficulty about accepting this paltry remuneration, in consideration of the honour done them by an invitation on such an historical occasion. The members of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, who travelled from Holland on purpose to perform at this *soirée* received no less a sum than £1,400 for their share in the proceedings alone.

* * *

ACCORDING to the *Paris Figaro*, Madame Rachel was paid £2,400 per year, Madame Mars £1,600, M. Mario £1,200, and Taglioni £1,440. Eight years ago the following artists received the following sums *per month*:—M. Lassalle £400, Jean de Reszke £240, Edouard de Reszke £200, Mlle. Van Zandt, £320, M. Maurel £320, and M. Plançon £80. These figures would by no means represent the salaries paid to-day. Owing to the inflated prices of London and New York there seems no limit to the demands of vocalists. But, while one is tempted to wax indignant over a state of things which gives a violin-player thirty-five shillings a week on the one hand, and Mme. Patti £500 for a single afternoon on the other, one should reflect that pecuniary remuneration is regarded generally as the gauge of success, and greatness. How is Mme. Patti to prove her superiority over every other singer, instrumentalist, and musician in the world unless she is allowed to point to the superiority of her fees?

* * *

IT is not mere vulgar money-grabbing that induces artists and their agents to charge exorbitant sums. Oh, no. It is simply the laudable desire to dignify themselves directly, and their Art indirectly, by highly estimating their services. To accept lower terms would be to undervalue their importance. Brown in accepting Jones's figure would be putting himself on a level with Jones—an idea that could not for a moment be entertained. Foreigners, like Englishmen, feel the dignity of their Art very strongly, and are very keen to maintain it at a high money standard. Frenchmen in particular compete very successfully with this "nation of shopkeepers" in driving an artistic bargain. Indeed, we have always found "our lively neighbours" fully as "business-like" as ourselves. The French are a nation of *retail* shopkeepers.

FROM THE AUDIENCE'S POINT OF VIEW.

NO. 3.—A CONCERT AS REPORTED BY A HALF-PENNY EVENING PAPER.

AMPLE APPLAUSE AT ALBERT 'ALL.

ENTHUSIASTIC ENCORES.

THE Albert Hall is not so far off but what it may be reached with time and perseverance, and those who braved the terrors of the journey were, on the whole, rewarded by their pilgrimage yesterday evening to the

SHRINE OF ALBERT THE GOOD.

Police constables, mounted and otherwise, pointed the way, so that there was no possibility of missing it; and once inside the spacious rotunda, one felt proud to have allowed Duty to triumph over Inclination, and only regretted that the regulations of the Authorities did not permit the audience to

SIT IN THEIR SHIRT-SLEEVES.

Indeed, the temperature was well-nigh overpowering, and as I walked into the building over burning paving-stones I was forcibly reminded of "another place"—not the House of Lords, this time—which is probably equally as hot, and popularly supposed to be

PAVED WITH GOOD INTENTIONS.

When the majority of those present had taken their places—and among the early arrivals was, as in duty bound, the MOON man—an indistinct murmur, which by degrees rose to an indescribable din, greeted the tortured ear. At first I supposed that the members of the orchestra were unwell, but it eventually transpired that they were

MERELY TUNING THEIR INSTRUMENTS,

but after the disturbance had continued for a protracted period, a smart rap by the conductor on his desk, seemed to have a most efficacious effect in lulling the turmoil. Signor Ranjigger's action came none too soon, for already the time for commencement had been long past, and we seemed to be drifting back into the leisurely habits which maintained

IN THE DAYS OF NOE.

A start having been made, the bandmen plunged *con amore* into the overture to *Zampa*, a portion of the opera which, I believe, survives the other portions. It is, in fact, the soup of the *menu*, the rest of the dinner having been lost in discussion. We do not mention anything but the overture of *Zampa* now, and its name is never heard save in the above connection. Why is this? I give it up. You must

ASK ME ANOTHER!

Of course the artist whom everybody had come primarily to hear was Madame Katti, whose superb voice, untouched by the hand of time, was as magical in *fioritura* and voluptuous

in *timbre* as on the first day she startled a sluggish populace into delight. The *Diva* appeared, she saw, she conquered, and not until she had bowed 18 times (after singing seven encores) was the audience induced to forego their very excusable, if slightly head-achy clamour.

THEY WOULD NOT RELEASE HER

when she had sung "Home, Sweet Home," only a few times; like Oliver Twist they asked for more, and, when in desperation she endeavoured to substitute Beethoven's popular *Aria*, "Patti, Patti," for a repetition of Sir Henry Bishop's masterpiece, they rose *en masse* and intoned "Auld Lang Syne" with all the vigour of elementary musicianship and healthy constitutions. Such a gratifying ovation has seldom been given to an artiste; the public literally

DROWNED HER

with applause; and as I quitted the scene, full of cramp and cordiality, I reflected that in spite of German croakers, there are at any rate some people in England who can appreciate good music.

AN HAT-TACK.

Her hair was dark as the raven's plume,
Her face as one who sings,
But both were shadowed by her hat
Which looked like an enormous bat
With leathern outspread wings.
She sat before us in the hall
(A concert we were at),
A blessing 'twas that we could hear,
For many more besides, I fear,
Saw nothing for her hat.
O had I power a law to frame
I'd soon reform all that,
No lady should attempt to wear,
E'en be she dark, or be she fair,
A platform-hiding hat.
Exceptions often prove the rule,
Next concert we were at
All honour to that lady fair
Who with a grace so debonnaire
Kindly removed her hat.

J. D. B.

DOINGS IN THE PROVINCES, &c.

. Correspondents are implored to write distinctly, especially proper names, and on one side of the paper only.

BELFAST AND DISTRICT.—Since our last issue a concert in aid of local charities was organised at Whitehead by a few visitors and friends interested in them. The concert was held in a large room kindly lent by Messrs. Wylie and Sons, and was patronised by a very large audience. An excellent programme was provided by the following friends from Belfast and

Larne:—Miss Bethune, Miss Emilie Heaney, Mrs. West Berry, Mrs. Wm. Hart, Mr. Wm. Imrie, Mr. W. McLetchie, Mr. H. McCormick, Mr. W. King, Mr. Wm. Hart, Mr. Ardis, Mr. A. Windrim, and Master A. Holmes. Accompanist Mr. F. J. Moffett.

We learn with pleasure of the success of Mr. L. R. Glenton, the talented organist of St. Stephen's Parish Church, in passing the final examination for the Associateship of Trinity College, London (A.T.C.L.). Mr. Glenton was prepared by Dr. W. G. Price.

Mr. F. J. Moffett has just obtained the prize in a song competition in connection with the Dublin newspaper, *The Weekly Freeman*. His successful composition is entitled "Maureen," and the words were furnished by Mr. T. E. Mayne.

GLASGOW.—The musical season in Glasgow has not commenced, and as yet there are few "shadows" of coming events. The prospectus of the series of choral and orchestral concerts has not yet been issued. Dr. A. L. Peace has resumed his series of organ recitals in the Cathedral. It is gratifying to know that these are very well attended. His programme on Monday, 17th, consisted of:—Overture to the Oratorio *Saul*, Handel; Andante (B flat) from the Sonata in F major, four hands, Mozart; Prelude and Fugue (G major), J. S. Bach; Invocation (F minor), J. Lemmens; War March of Priests (*Athalie*), Mendelssohn; Concert Fantasia for the Organ (No. 2), A. L. Peace; Le Chant de la Patrie, A. Dupont; Marche Triomphale, Les Enfants de la Garde, A. Schloesser.

The Choral Union intend giving a concert in the Cathedral in September. These used to take place annually many years ago, but this, we think, is the first since the introduction of the organ.

Messrs. Paterson, Low & Co., have a "variety of entertainments" to place before the public this season, ranging from Arthur Roberts & Co., Harry Furniss, to Eugen D'Albert. Doubtless we shall have the usual plethora of ballad concerts, opera companies, &c., &c. We are sorry to hear that Mr. W. H. Cole, the talented conductor of the Dunoon Concerts and other orchestral societies, has been laid aside by a very severe attack of gastric fever, but are glad to say he is now on the way of recovery.

STRAY NOTES.

In sentencing "Dr. Jim" and his comrades the Lord Chief Justice (who formed part of the Government which disgracefully retired after Majuba Hill) intended that they should be dealt with as ordinary criminals. But, though the affair was unnecessarily bungled, the "Raiders" were placed on the footing of first-class misde-meanants before the man Kruger could find

time or determination to plead for their more lenient and rational treatment. We were thus spared any further humiliation from the figure-head of the most ignorant, the most stupid, the most lazy, the most tyrannical, and the most dirty set of men in the world.

* * *

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK no doubt meant well when he invented "Bank Holidays," but the actual result of his benevolent legislation is disappointing. The people at large being driven out, as it were, whether they wish it or not, on the same day, only get in each other's way, to start with. I know no more pathetic sight than a London railway station on or just before a Bank Holiday, when all the trains are late, when the exasperated holiday makers have to fight for standing room in crowded compartments, and when one knows that about one-third of the "holiday" will be consumed in this sort of discomfort. The return journey is of course as bad if not worse than the first.

* * *

THEN, again, all the holiday "resorts" are so congested with visitors that no pleasure can be taken by individuals. At Southend I hear that persons offered *in vain* a sovereign for a bed for one night on August 2nd and 3rd, and one can readily guess how these poor people were robbed in the matter of food. In the meantime, those who remain in towns cannot even get shaved because, forsooth, it is "Bank Holiday," and the ridiculous part of the whole thing is that on August 3rd the judges were sitting and the whole machinery of the Law Courts was in motion just as usual. Those connected with the daily press were also of course on duty, and the wretched men engaged on railways had the very reverse of a holiday.

* * *

I AM convinced that the people do not wish to be turned out in droves. It would be quite simple to arrange that every worker should be by law entitled to at least four clear holidays (exclusive of Christmas Day, Good Friday, and Sundays) in the course of the year, and those days being selected with regard to mutual convenience, would be far more enjoyably spent by everybody. Business would not be periodically paralysed, and there would be a chance for a jaded operative to obtain a change of scene without travelling to and from his destination in a train two or three hours late (on each trip), and without having to nurse his own children while thirteen fat women and fourteen drunken men accompanied him in a compartment constructed to accommodate ten persons at most.

* * *

THE August Bank Holiday is for this year over. Thank God! The perspiring crowds, the worn faces of the mothers, the plethoric aspect of the children (who seemed to divide their time about equally between sleeping and

weeping), and the sullen or intoxicated, but furiously smoking men, constituted the most disgusting and infinitely pitiful sight I ever saw. With the best intentions Sir John Lubbock has done an amazing amount of harm, and he can put that in his pipe and smoke it.

* * *

THE tragic death of Mr. Temple E. Crozier at the Novelty Theatre, ought hardly to be regarded as an accident that could not have been prevented. Mr. Wilfred Franks, it will be remembered, had to appear to stab the "villain" of the play, but instead of "making believe" he actually left a sharp dagger sticking in his brother actor's chest. Now, I know that real daggers, and real guns, for that matter, are often seen on the stage, and Mr. Franks is perhaps deserving of more sympathy than anyone, except the relations of the hapless victim. But these real guns and real daggers ought never to be employed. A wooden dagger or a toy gun could always be made to answer sufficiently well for all stage purposes. We do not want this dangerous realism any more than the "practicable pump" of Mr. Vincent Crummies. What we want is *acting*, and Mr. Franks could have created, I am sure, enough sensation if he had confined himself to the use of a wooden dagger. It is the old story. A man points and pulls the trigger of a gun, which he never thought was loaded, at a friend who falls dead. Similarly, actors are in the habit of monkeying with sharp weapons, and some fine night a young gentleman is stabbed to the heart with the best intentions! Had I been the magistrate at Bow Street, I should have had a word to say to the stage manager who allowed a dangerous implement to be used at his theatre, when a harmless one would have done just as well. While exonerating Mr. Franks from any great blame, and, indeed, heartily sympathising with him, I maintain that henceforth, any person who, with a lethal weapon, causes death on the stage, ought to be hanged, because he will have absolutely no excuse.

* * *

"MARK TWAIN" (Mr. Clemens), who was residing for a time at Guildford in this country, met with a sad bereavement on August 19th, in the loss of his eldest daughter, Olivia.

* * *

SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, President of the Royal Academy, whose death will make a gap in many lives, was buried amid great pomp at St. Paul's Cathedral on August 20th. The pall-bearers were: Lord Rosebery, Lord Carlisle, the Marquis of Granby, Lord Wolseley, Mr. Holman Hunt, Mr. P. H. Calderon, Sir Henry Irving, and Sir George Reid. Wreaths were sent by Her Majesty the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, The Duke of Saxe-Coburg, Princess Louise, the Duke and Duchess of York, Lord and

Lady Salisbury, the Duke and Duchess of Portland, the members of the Royal Academy, the Garrick Club, and countless others.

* * *

"THE MUFF OF THE REGIMENT," an original comedietta in one act will be produced this month in front of "Charley's Aunt" at the Globe Theatre. The author is Mr. W. T. Johnstone, who for some time was editor of *Fun*, and has for years been before the public as a polished and valued contributor to the foremost newspapers.

* * *

THE new drama, "Boys Together," by Messrs. Haddon Chambers and Comyns Carr had been eagerly looked forward to and was successfully produced at the Adelphi on August 26th. Mr. Terriss as the hero, Mr. Abingdon as the "villain," Mr. Mackintosh as an Austrian, and Miss Milward as the heroine contributed the best acting, Mr. Mackintosh being especially valuable in a small part. The great defect of the play seems to be that no sufficient reason is shown for the bitterness cherished by the "villain" against the hero. They had both been "boys together" at Eton, where it is true the hero had punched the villain's head; but this could hardly breed the devilish rancour with which the "villain" pursues the hero when they meet again as grown men. Mr. Abingdon is made to embody the very abjection of depravity, depravity of an ignoble kind from which the imagination would in any case recoil, but which is inconceivable when indulged almost motivelessly by a public school man. The play contains some very effective stage pictures, it has been finely produced by Mr. Fred. G. Latham, and the authors were loudly "called" and cheered at the conclusion of the performance.

* * *

SOME SILLY SAYINGS.

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum." How about Judas Iscariot, Nero, Martin Tupper, and others?

"It never rains but it pours." A correspondent dating from Bray, Berks., on August 3rd, states that, there, a few half-hearted showers had been experienced, but no real rain since February.

"First come first served." This is notoriously and very properly not the case.

"What the eye does not see the heart does not grieve for," and "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," are mutually destructive.

"All cats are grey in the dark" is actually and figuratively untrue.

"What is wealth without health?" Much more desirable than sickness without wealth for its most luxurious treatment.

"Whom the gods love die young." Mr. Gladstone was writing post-cards as we went to press.

RAPPEE.

ACROSTIC PRIZE.

Competitors are invited to send in solutions marked "Acrostic" on the envelope, and addressed to the Editor of THE LUTE to reach 44, Great Marlborough Street, not later than the first post on the 20th of the month in which each acrostic appears. At the end of the year a prize will be given to such solver as has successfully guessed the greatest number of acrostics, and in the event of a "tie" either the prize will be divided, or these "tying" will be invited to guess off their "ties" in special acrostics at the discretion of the Editor. Every competitor should employ an assumed name, and only divulge his (or her) real one on learning that he (or she) has gained the prize. The assumed names of the successful solvers will be published monthly.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC FOR AUGUST.

They are, by habit, or by birth,
The most conceited folk on earth.

1. Though often rare, they're spent galore:
I wish I had some thousands more.
2. The vulgarly profane I do.
Hate fully quite as much as you.
3. Belong to one most of us can:
To all does Cosmopolitan.
4. 'Tis Yankee "smartness" as times go
But we don't like it when it's "low."
5. "Shut out" to start with, so men say:
Yet present only yesterday.
6. "One more to cross!" How ere one picks
One's water-jump, one dreads the "sticks."
7. At Music-halls with varying name
We hear these;—pretty much the same.

SOLUTION.

1. C o i n s
2. O d i
3. N a t i o n
4. C u n n i n g
5. E v e
6. R i v e r
7. T u n e s

Notes.—1. Rare coins. 2. "Odi profanum vulgus." 5. Eve was shut out of the Garden of Eden, but eve = evening, was present yesterday. 6. Revival hymn "One more river to cross!" The river Styx which the ancients traversed after death in Charon's ferry-boat. "Sticks" = hurdles or fences in sporting parlance as opposed to water-courses. 7. At music-halls nearly all the songs have a strong and ugly family likeness.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC FOR SEPTEMBER.

Now is the time when people of my sort
Throw down their pens, and take a little sport.

1. At this loves join for worse or better;
They change if you but change a letter.
2. A "second nature"; change it don't!
Howe'er you will, you'll find it won't.
3. A dolorous complaint, "on trust"
Perhaps; yet pay for it I must.
4. Not Lorelei, but quite as nice:
Come! you will find me in a trice.
5. My plural, as you often see,
Attend devotedly to me.
6. Sweet youth! Though dead you flourish still
And hold your own 'gainst daffodil.

Correct answers to the August acrostic have been received from: "Parrot," "Little Blue-Eye," "Dr. Jim," "Ferret," "Slump," "Nettlerash," "Saucy," "Skunk," "Kismet," and "Old Windsor."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters connected with the literary department of this Journal must be addressed to the Editor, 44, Great Marlborough Street, W.

Communications intended for insertion will receive no notice unless accompanied by the name and address of the sender.

The Editor cannot undertake to return articles of which he is unable to make use, unless stamps are enclosed.

All business letters should be addressed to the Publishers.

Advertisements should reach the Office of the Publishers, 44, Great Marlborough Street, W., not later than the 20th in order to insure insertion in the issue of the month current.



"TURN THEE, O LORD."

Anthem

FOR GENERAL USE.

Ms: 6; v 4, 5, 9.

NORMAN HATFIELD.

LONDON:

PATEY & WILLIS. 44, Gt MARLBOROUGH ST., W.

OPRANO. *p* Turn thee, turn thee, O

ALTO. *p* Turn thee, turn thee, O

TENOR. *p* Turn thee, turn thee, O

BASS. *p* Turn thee, turn thee, O

ORGAN. *p* unaccompanied.

Ped.

Lord, and de - li - ver my soul: Turn thee turn thee, and de -

Lord, and de - li - ver my soul: Turn thee turn thee, and de -

Lord, and de - li - ver my soul: Turn thee turn thee, and de -

Lord, and de - li - ver my soul: Turn thee turn thee, and de -

mf

li - ver my soul: Turn thee, turn thee, O

li - ver my soul: Turn thee, turn thee, O

li - ver my soul: Turn thee, turn thee, O

li - ver my soul: Turn thee, turn thee, O

Lord, and de - li - ver my soul: Turn thee, turn thee, and de -

Lord, and de - li - ver my soul: Turn thee, turn thee, and de -

Lord, and de - li - ver my soul: Turn thee, turn thee, and de -

Lord, and de - li - ver my soul: Turn thee, turn thee, and de -

li - ver my soul: O save me

li - ver my soul: O save me for Thy mer_cy's

li - ver my soul: O save me for Thy mer_cy's sake, O save me

p

for thy mer_cy's sake, save me, save me,

sake, O save me save me for Thy mer_cy's sake, save me,

O save me for Thy mer_cy's sake, save me,

for thy mer_cy's sake, save me, save me,

p

save me, O save me for thy mer_cy's sake, O save me

save me, O save me for thy mer_cy's sake, O save me

save me, O save me for thy mer_cy's sake, O save me

save me, O save me for thy mer_cy's sake, O save me

pp

save me for thy mer_cy's sake. For in death no man re -

save me for thy mer_cy's sake. For in death no man re -

save me for thy mer_cy's sake. For in death no man re -

save me for thy mer_cy's sake. For in death no man re -

pp Sw. Org.

memb'reth Thee: and who will give thee thanks in the pit?

memb'reth Thee: and who will give thee thanks in the pit?

memb'reth Thee: and who will give thee thanks in the pit?

memb'reth Thee: and who will give thee thanks in the pit?

SOLO. O

Lord have mer - cy up - on me, for i am weak: and my

Ch. Org.
man.

soul al - so is sore troubled, my soul al - so is trou - bled.

mf But

pp

Lord have mer - cy, Lord have

Lord have mer - cy, Lord have

pp

mer - cy, Lord have

Lord how long wilt thou pun - ish me how long wilt thou pun - ish

Sw.

Ped.

p

mer - cy O Lord have mer - cy up - on me, for

p

mer - cy O Lord have mer - cy up - on me, for

p

mer - cy O Lord have mer - cy up - on me, for

p

me? O Lord have mer - cy up - on me, for

I am weak: and my soul al - so is

I am weak: and my soul al - so is

I am weak: and my soul al - so is

But I am weak: My soul is

4 V. 2099

sore: trou-bled my soul — al - so is trou - bled. The

sore trou-bled my soul — is trou - bled. The

sore trou-bled my soul — al - so is trou - bled. The

sore trou-bled my soul — is trou - bled. The

Lord hath heard my pe - ti - tion: the Lord will re - ceive my

Lord hath heard my pe - ti - tion: the Lord will re - ceive my

Lord hath heard my pe - ti - tion: the Lord will re - ceive my

Lord hath heard my pe - ti - tion: the Lord will re - ceive my

G! Org.

prayer, the Lord hath heard my pe - ti - tion: the

prayer, the Lord hath heard my pe - ti - tion: the

prayer, the Lord hath heard my pe - ti - tion: the

prayer, the

Lord will re - ceive will re - ceive my prayer.

Lord will re - ceive will re - ceive my prayer.

Lord will re - ceive will re - ceive my prayer.

Lord will re - ceive will re - ceive my prayer. The Lord hath heard my pe -

The

The Lord hath heard my pe - ti -

The Lord hath heard my pe - ti - tion, The Lord hath heard my pe - ti -

- ti - tion, hath heard my pe - ti - tion, The Lord hath heard my pe - ti -

ff Lord hath heard my pe - ti - tion, the Lord will re -

- tion, hath heard my pe - ti - tion, the Lord will re -

- tion, hath heard my pe - ti - tion, the Lord will re -

- tion, hath heard my pe - ti - tion, the Lord will re -

ff

ceive my prayer. The Lord hath heard my pe - ti - tion, The

ceive my prayer. The Lord hath heard my pe - ti - tion, The

ceive my prayer. The Lord hath heard my pe - ti - tion, The

ceive my prayer. The Lord hath heard my pe - ti - tion, The

The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass, with a key signature of two flats and a common time signature.

rall. Lord will re-ceive— my prayer. *p* A - men. *pp* A - men.

rall. Lord will re-ceive my prayer. *p* A - men. *pp* A - men.

rall. Lord will re-ceive— my prayer. *p* A - men. *pp* A - men.

rall. Lord will re-ceive my prayer. *p* A - men. *pp* A - men.

The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass, with a key signature of two flats and a common time signature.



The



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men.



men.



men.



men.



men.



men.





MISS BEATRICE LANGLEY.

No.
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